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nces

of a

Student's Life

at Edinburgh

in the Seventies

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REMINISCENCES OF A STUDENT'S LIFE

REMINISCENCES OF A STUDENT'S LIFE

At Edinburgh in the Seventies

BY

ALISMA

Geo. Skelton Stephenson

Edinburgh
Oliver and Boyd, Tweeddale Court
1918

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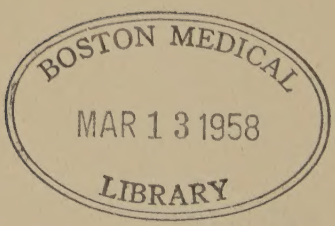

THESE REMINISCENCES
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO THE STUDENTS OF OUR DAY IN THE
EARLY SEVENTIES, MENTIONED ON
THE FOLLOWING PAGES

AND

TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE OF US
(OUR FRIENDS AT THAT TIME)
WHO HAVE PASSED OVER TO "THE OTHER
SIDE" FOR REST AND PEACE

BY

ALISMA

"I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN"

Quasi Cursores

GRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

Monday, 2nd August 1875

DEGREES OF BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND MASTER IN SURGERY

Alexander, Alexander, Scotland.
Aubin, Ernest, Jersey.
Baldwin, Edmund St George, Canada.
Barlow, John, England.
Barrs, Alfred George, England.
Brown, John James Graham, Scotland.
Brown, Samuel, Scotland.
Browne, Thomas Sinclair, Barbados.
Cheyne, William Watson, Shetland.
Chisholm, Edwin Millidge, Scotland.
Chown, James Waterfield, England.
Clark, Thomas M'Rae, Demerara.
Clarke, John Henry, England.
Cotterill, Joseph Montagu, England.
Crabb, James (M.A., Aberdeen), Scotland.
Crowdy, Frederic Hamilton, Newfoundland.

DEGREES OF BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND MASTER IN SURGERY—*Continued.*

Davey, Charles James, England.
Evans, William Thomas, England.
Ferens-Oliver, John, England.
Garton, William, England.
Gillies, Walter, England.
Glasier, Charles, England.
Gonsalves, Manuel Martinho, Demerara.
Hamilton, John Rogerson, Scotland.
Helme, James Milner, England.
Hogg, Robert Brown, Scotland.
Holmes, James, Berwick.
Jack, David Morton, Scotland.
Janisch, Bertram, St Helena.
Johnson, John Frederick, Ireland.
Johnstone, John James, Scotland.
Jones, Abraham Emrys, Wales.
Jones, Edward Owen, Wales.
Kirkwood, George, Scotland.
Laing, Henry William, Scotland.
Lamb, William, India.
Lunan, Charles Smith, Scotland.
M'Leod, Neil, England.
M'Leish, Norman (M.A., Edin.), Scotland.
Marchbank, John, Scotland.
Murray, Alexander Dalton, Scotland.
Nankivell, Frank, England.
Oswald, Henry Robert, India.

DEGREES OF BACHELOR OF MEDICINE AND MASTER IN SURGERY—*Continued.*

Renny, Archibald William, Peru.

Richardson, Charles Isaac, Scotland.

Roy, Charles Smart, Scotland.

Ryan, Charles Snodgrass, Australia.

Sanderson, Charles Edward, India.

Sherburn, John, England.

Simpson, Magnus Retzius, Scotland.

Smith, George Daniel, England.

Smith, John, England.

Smith, Otto Wien, Scotland.

Spence, Thomas Fair Hetherington (M.A., Edin.), Scotland.

Stephenson, George Skelton, England.

Stewart, William, Scotland.

Stone, Herbert Stanley (B.A., New Brunswick), New Brunswick.

Symons, Mark Johnston, Scotland.

Tunstall, Alfred Crowdson, England.

Turnbull, Adam Robert, Scotland.

Underwood, George Richardson, Scotland.

Vause, Arthur John, England.

Vereker-Bindon, William John, Cape of Good Hope.

Watkins, Arnold Hirst, England.

Watson, Alfred Hardy, England.

Watters, George Thomas Brown, Scotland.

Watson, Thomas Henry, England.

Wearing, Richard, England.

Wilson, James Hamilton, England.

DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MEDICINE ONLY

Aitchison, James, England.
Carey, Ernest Gilbert, India.
Carey, William, India.
Cox, Joshua John, Ireland.
Crichton, George (M.A., St Andrews), Scotland.
Eames, James Crompton, England.
Fraser, Thomas, Scotland.
Garson, John George, Orkney.
Harker, Thomas, England.
Jameson, George Herbert, England.
M'Naught, James, England.
Morison, James Rutherford, England.
Morris, Walter Cameron, Barbados.
Wilson, Thomas Duddingston (M.A., Edin.), Scotland.

The Ettles Prize for 1875 *was awarded to*

Adam Robert Turnbull, M.B., C.M.

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"LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN, AND
OUR FATHERS THAT BEGAT US"

* * * *

"THEIR BODIES ARE BURIED IN PEACE;
BUT THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR
EVERMORE"

BOSTON MEDICAL
MAR 13 1958
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REMINISCENCES OF A STUDENT'S LIFE

I

I HAD just finished a somewhat spare war-ration lunch, over which I had not omitted to say a naval officer's grace, "God give us thankful hearts and others plenty," when I took a usual repose of five minutes' sleep, for which I could not but think how beautiful the words, "He giveth His beloved sleep" are, when my old and trusted servant handed in the afternoon's post. I was more than delighted to find a letter from my friend and fellow-student, Professor Isaac Bayley Balfour, concerning a certain peculiarity of the calyx of the wild rose, about which we had been writing some weeks previously. In order to be as interesting as possible, I may just say

what the peculiarity is! It so happens that there are certain leaflets springing from the sides of some of the sepals of the calyx; two of the sepals are bearded with these leaflets, two are not, and one is bearded only on one side. That is, of the five brothers, two are bearded, two not, and one has only half a beard. I had asked my friend, the Professor, if he could give me the original Latin "riddle of the rose," which his revered father, Professor John Hutton Balfour, had given to me verbally forty-seven years ago, and which I had partially forgotten. He took the trouble to search his father's papers over in vain, and wrote to me to that effect. I felt sure that our mutual friend, Professor F. M. Caird, would know it, as he was, in our student days, Professor Balfour's class assistant, and of course "knew his botany" most splendidly. On Professor Caird's return from the fighting line "somewhere in France" he at once responded, telling us both the dear old Professor's riddle, and giving us

a most beautiful translation into English. I give the two here :—

Quinque sumus fratres, unus barbatus et alter
Imberbisque duo, sum semiberberbis ego.

Translation.

Five brothers take their stand
Born to the same command :
Two darkly bearded frown,
Two without beards are known,
And one sustains with equal pride
His sad appendage on one side.

In the meantime, as a pure coincidence, a correspondence in *Notes and Queries* had elicited some exceedingly interesting and erudite answers on this very riddle (12 S. iv., Jan. 1918, and 12 S. iv., Feb. 1918). These replies showed that the riddle had great antiquity, and that it had been of great interest in various forms to generations long, long ago.

In his letter the Professor had invited me to consider the desirability of giving to those *morituri salutamus* my own reminiscences of student life of the

early seventies. None more than myself appreciates the words of Ecclesiastes xii. 12—

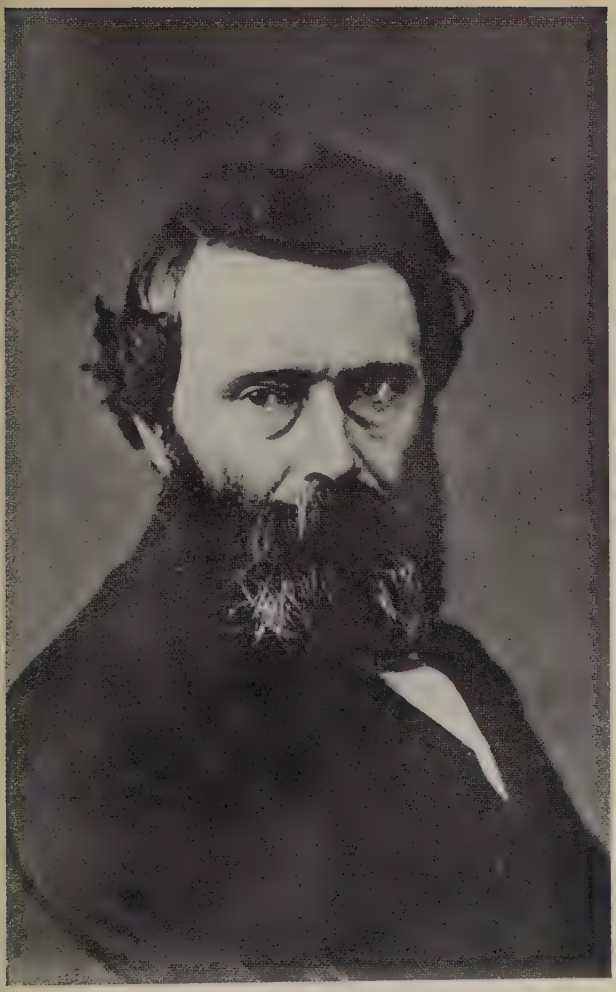
"Of making many books there is no end;"

but this trifle of mine can never rank as a book, so I am resolved to give it at least for a remembrance of the few of us left since we graduated in our dear old Alma Mater on the 2nd August 1875. After reading the Professor's kindly letter I took up the *Memorials of His Time* by Henry Lord Cockburn, a book full of the very highest sentiments of a Scottish gentleman. The book has been a great favourite with me for many years and has been dipped into very many times as well as re-read. I thought that perhaps I might get from it some inkling as to how to put together a story of the delightful days of my youth in his city, but I found very quickly that I had settled upon a standard that was quite without my reach, and that I had better rely upon some other spirit to move me in my effort. I

then tried to call to mind the general scheme in the life of the Rev. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk. I well remember that Carlyle saw the battle of Prestonpans from the top of the church tower of that place when a boy. Both books are personal narratives dealing mainly with the places and the men and women who figured in their days. My apology for giving a story of student days from 1871 to 1875 is that I have so many times wished that some one would, some day, do the work better than I can.

II

Our preliminary examination took place in March 1871 in the fine library of the University. Professor Balfour was the Dean, and he overawed me very much by his crimson robe, his four-cornered velvet cap, and his venerable presence. The examination lasted three days, and the subjects were (1) English, with an essay on either "Ascent in a Balloon" or "The Siege of Paris." I chose "The Siege of Paris." Professor Masson dictated a portion which some years afterwards I found was from Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, in which the old Doctor answered Boswell, "To learning bred, I knew not what to say." (2) German, including Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, the passage to translate into English commencing "Durch diese hohle Gasse muss er kommen es führt



kein andrer Weg nach Küssnacht." (3) Arithmetic. (4) Three books of Euclid, and Algebra up to simple equations. (5) Latin, including the seventh book of Virgil. (6) Mechanics, Hydrostatics, and Pneumatics, and (7) Greek and Logic; both of the last named I took later on. It was very awe-inspiring. The examination was a very fair test, and I was much elated when I knew that I had more than satisfied the examiners. Books were everywhere, and pictures by great artists of bygone academic heroes adorned the walls, as I hope they still do, with many additions since my day. I then became a matriculated student of the University of Edinburgh. At that time the closing days of the Franco-Prussian war had just ended, and the great Tichborne case was nearing its end, and we were all very eager that the claimant should be put into oblivion as a scoundrel. At last the verdict was given, and the rogue had fifteen years' penal servitude meted out to him. During the days of the examina-

tion I stayed at an hotel in Princes Street, and on the first night of my stay the whole of Edinburgh and especially Princes Street, the Mound, and Gardens were illuminated in honour of the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne with our beloved Queen's daughter, Princess Louise. What a sight it was indeed for a youngster from a remote English provincial town! I remember writing home and heading my letter "Illuminated Athens." The display on the Calton Hill was perfectly wonderful, and every window had been lighted up in the whole city too. Turn where one would, illuminations on a vast scale met the eye. The examination days over, I had the choice of returning home until the opening of the session on the 2nd of May or remaining in Edinburgh. I chose to stay, and during the six weeks I explored most of the historic beauty spots of the city and its surroundings. I had of course read most of Scott's novels, and I took care to look up all the places of

interest within reach, especially those of the *Heart of Midlothian.* How interesting the Grassmarket, the West Bow, Greyfriars' Churchyard, Canongate, the Martyrs' Monument, Bristo Port, the Tolbooth, John Knox's House, the Law Courts, the Advocates' Library, showing Sir Walter Scott, seated at the head of a large table writing! I imagined I could see him actually writing the *Red-gauntlet* letters of Darsie Latimer and Alan Fairford—with nothing more of an inscription than *Sic sedebat.* It was quite evident to his countrymen that a carved name was superfluous. How I stood before that image with my heart-strings almost bursting, and I then silently and most reverently left the hall. Here I walked over the spot where John Knox was said to be buried; a casting of brass with the letters I.K. on the footpath simply denoting the resting-place of this fierce and fiery and flaming Scot. Then not many yards distant is set in the footway a large heart in the granite

pavement to indicate the very Heart of Midlothian! Opposite, some few hundred yards nearer to Holyrood, stands a high tenement with the figure of a boy's head and the inscription: "Heave awa', lads, I'm no deid yet." The original house fell down, and though many in its several storys were crushed to death this lad survived. His cries were heard and he was saved out of the wreckage; his memory was so preserved during the rebuilding of the huge pile. How vividly the stories of Captain Porteous were brought to my mind as I wandered down past the old Tolbooth[1] with its inscription, *Sic itur ad astra,* to Holyrood Palace, here only to be overwhelmed by remembrances of Darnley, Rizzio, and Queen Mary! Then the May morning on Arthur's Seat, when thousands of the young of Edinburgh ascended to gather the "May dew," as I sincerely hope they

[1] The Captain was not imprisoned in this but in the Edinburgh Tolbooth, which was situated close to St Giles's Church, at the very heart of Midlothian.

do yet. Turn away here and between Salisbury Crags and the Pleasance, I believe actually jutting into the Queen's Park, is the reputed home of Effie and Jeanie Deans. I gained admission to the old cottage and found that the then inhabitants religiously believed that they were on that forever sacred ground. Then wending my way homewards I passed through a square off Nicolson Street and near to the College of Surgeons, leading through an arch, and above me was the room in which Campbell wrote his *Pleasures of Hope*. Another little excursion carried me to Roslin Chapel and Hawthornden. In the chapel a boy conducted me round. He had got a stock description of the edifice, in which he had been taught to use such words as "plinth," "capital," "Gothic," and many other architectural words, and his descriptions were all accompanied by a shy, "pump-handle" sort of motion of the hand and arm as he pointed all out quite accurately, in an unbroken monotone, by

heart, to all visitors. I went there twenty years after and heard the very same from another boy, telling how the master had had to go on a long journey, and how during his absence his apprentice had carved the "'Prentice's Pillar." How the master had, through jealousy, hammered the apprentice to death; and just here I came to Hawthornden, where Drummond of Hawthornden lived who had received Ben Jonson with the words:—

> "Welcome, welcome, honest Ben;
> Welcome thou to Hawthornden!"

At least, so the tradition goes.

I made many excursions in this holiday, and some of the most delightful were to such places as "Rest and be thankful," where a Dianthus grew in beautiful clumps, and other eminences from which I often got views even of the Bass rock, forty miles away.

III

A VERY favourite place with me was a walk along the road between the Craiglockhart Poorhouse and the Morningside Asylum, then through a paddock or two past the Braid Hermitage, the house of the then Secretary to the Board of Supervisors, afterward the Chairman, John (later Sir John) Skelton ("Shirley)," to a most delightful eminence where I had view after view from the different heights of the glorious Forth and "Auld Reekie." I delighted in the loneliness on these occasions, when nothing but the startled curlews and other wild birds looked on me as an intruder. This was indeed a glorious rest after my examination, and I drank in the delights greedily.

Once, when I was walking towards

this eminence with my books under my arm, and no doubt one being read, I overtook a herd—a shepherd—with his sheep and his dog. I believe the shepherd led, and the dog followed the sheep. The man was reading, too, as he quietly walked along. I greeted him in the usual way by wishing him "good e'en," and after a few moments asked him what book so much interested him. He took out of his pocket the book he had "pawkily" slipped in and said, "It's just ma' Homer." Sure enough it was, and a very well-thumbed copy too! He was soon met by another hind who said "Good e'en, Andrie, gie's a draw." My shepherd was smoking a very short clay, which he forthwith handed to his friend, who after five or six draws of the pipe went his way rejoicing! I have never, before or since, witnessed anything to approach these two incidents.

I have often heard that Dr Gow Black was one of this deeply interesting breed of men. I believe he was the first to

take the Edin. D.Sc. degree a few years before our time. He went to New Zealand as Professor of Chemistry and I have never heard of him since; but I have a dim recollection of reading his obituary. I just knew him when he was staying awhile in Edinburgh. He was a personal friend of my friend Norman M'Leish, and so I came in contact with him.

In our day we had no splendid hostel wherein we might live with the minimum care or bother. Every student had to cast about for lodgings, and of course these varied in all manner of shades and degrees. I was singularly fortunate in my choice, for the two landladies that I had were more than good to me. I lived in Rankeillor Street and in Buccleuch Place. During my first session I lived in Graham Street, and of course had to pass through the Vennel (of Burke and Hare fame) down into the Grassmarket; then across and up through wynds across the High Street near to George Heriot's

old house; then, down across the Mound and Princes Street, and a good distance away down across the bridge over the Water o' Leith to Inverleith Row and the Royal Botanic Garden, the Forth always in full view ahead, with the Fife coast on the other side. The students, all going in the same direction, soon became known to one another, and many a good man did I meet on those early mornings, for the class commenced punctually at eight o'clock. Some of these friendships have lasted a lifetime: some have faded through the intensity of our busy lives, but we all have the kindliest thoughts one towards another, especially when we think of those golden days. And sometimes, through the rings of our smoke, when we are at such repose that we feel we wouldn't change our bright memories of those days for worlds, we see the dear pictures of our youth so clearly brought out that we give a thankful sigh, and are smoothly brought up as the pipe is finished and we gently

tap out the ash for a refill and quietly say, "Well, well, thank Heaven for that glimpse of happiness, and now we must press on with the good work once more."

IV

Do you remember the beautiful little drinking fountain given to the city by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, I wonder? There, on the top, is a bronze statuette of "Greyfriars' Bobby," a faithful little Skye terrier who followed his master to his burial-place, and who never left the spot until his own death—so the story went in our day. At any rate a touching incident of fidelity so moved the good Baroness, that she caused this monument to be erected outside of the entrance to the Greyfriars, at the angle leading to the Grassmarket and George the Fourth Bridge. I know I am speaking to lovers of dogs, and I am sure this incident of fidelity will at once appeal to them as it does to me, for I have a dogs' cemetery in my garden, and I like to call each one to mind as I go there, and to pass a very

kindly thought to their memory. How one remembers those quiet old greybeards, standing about at the corner of the University and West College Street, lowly mumbling the words "Old Clo." The same old men stood there winter and summer all our time, and they were within a stone's-throw of De Quincey's house in Lothian Street, and within less than that of "Rutherford's," where we were daily installed in a sort of pew or partition for our midday meal of "ros-bif and p'taties." And then those marvellous "square-rigged" women, the Newhaven fishwives, with their huge weights of fish in baskets on their back slung by a broad leather strap across their forehead. Oh! their stentorian cries of "Caller heerie" as they puffed and panted down our streets! The married women were all adorned with caps of white, and the unmarried were bareheaded. I remember Sir Thomas Clouston telling me how closely intermarried these fisher-folk were, and how disastrous the results.

V

When our botany class was over many of us scurried down to Granton for a morning's bathe and swim; the bathing there was very enjoyable, and some two or three of us had a little covered-in boat, the *Norna*, in which pleasant sails either up or down the Forth were often taken. Sterner rules now prevail, and no doubt the poor little *Norna* has long since been broken up; and certainly no such pleasures are now allowed, owing to the fact that the place is now a great naval base.

Just speaking of this delightful shore, I may appropriately mention the fact of a visit I made to Burntisland. I was, one Saturday, lured into crossing to this place by ferry-boat, hoping to spend the Sunday in quiet there and to enjoy the solitude it would give me. I saw seals

there gambolling about the rocks, and I went to seek shelter for the night until Monday morning, but none could I find, and I had to return again on the same day.

Just a session or perhaps two, before our day, the great movement, the admission of women into the medical ranks started. This was headed by a woman of great mental power, clear determination, and dogged perseverance—Miss Sophia Jex-Blake. Their cause triumphed, but the students in the University did not receive this without very severe displeasure, manifested often in a very crude way. Serious riots resulted in the mobbing and otherwise insulting the little band—I believe about six or seven young ladies. It appeared to be thought thenadays that a process of "unsexing" by these ladies had been commenced, and a good deal of nonsense, of that kind, even prevailed amongst us. I am glad to say that the acute stage of the trouble had completely passed over in

our day, and that the movement went steadily forward. Looking back, I can only conclude that the Profession would have been all the poorer if it had not. The deepest debt of affectionate gratitude to Miss Jex-Blake's memory is now felt by hundreds of able women who are practising our craft in many of its departments all over the world, greatly indeed to their credit, and to the amelioration of suffering humanity. I have met many of these ladies, and always with pleasure. They all appear to have the finest sense of professional conduct and good-will, and all that I have met are very highly cultured. We used daily to see this little band of students going to their classes in the College of Surgeons. If anything more convincing on the point of the advanced learning of women is needed, let me cite the case of Madame Curie, the distinguished chemist and discoverer of radium from pitch-blende, together with her lamented husband.

That great soul, R. L. Stevenson, was

a student in our day; at any rate one was pointed out to me to be R. L. S., the grandson of the Bell Rock Lighthouse constructor. I have often seen him walking —always quite alone—up and down the terrace of the quadrangle of the University between the Institutes of Medicine and Anatomy class-rooms. And just bring to mind Mr Chapman, the janitor, and his magnificent form, towering high up to nearly seven feet, and certainly the most symmetrically built, at that time, of all of us. How we used to ring for him or his maid to give us letters which were exposed in a window opposite his door, and pay a penny for each of them. I wonder if you remember getting a good-natured Servitor to put in a card of presence at any class-room for you? Of course this was always accompanied by a piece of silver. I never had any personal experience of this myself, as life was always too earnest with me in those days, but I often saw it done.

VI

On one of our excursions, I believe to North Berwick on the Forth shore, I remember we found that curious plant the Butcher's broom, having its little florets on leaf-like stems; and there was another rather rare shore plant there, the Sea Buckthorn (*Hippophae rhamnoides*). The plant has a silvery leaf covered with microscopic stellate hairs, and a rather rusty coloured lot on the under side of it. The dwarf Elderberry was there too, I believe. I think I could go to the spot in the Braid hills where the curlews were so disturbed in their profound loneliness, and where they piped above us as we bent down to find the little sundew (*Drosera*), as he spread with glistering tips to invite any small insect to come and be soothed and then

devoured by him so gently, but so thoroughly. On one occasion we visited the Duke of Buccleuch's place at and about Dalkeith. I remember seeing there one of the most gorgeous sights of floral luxuriance that I ever saw. The whole of the fine lodge, I believe the house of one of the Duke's gardeners, was literally aflame with the wondrously beautiful *Tropæolum speciosum.* I had never seen the flower before! There was practically no leaf to be seen from soil to house and chimney-tops—everything was a marvellous fiery crimson. I have repeatedly tried to grow this plant at my home, where one would think it would live; but every effort has resulted in failure, in spite of the most careful management as to soil and aspect. I have given up the task, and decided that the home of the *Tropæolum speciosum* is Bonnie Scotland. I have since then seen it growing in Scotland, in almost any place of selection, such as a cottar's outpremises, probably spreading under-

ground, in beautiful profusion. I remember so well on one of our excursions finding in the rubble of a gateway leading from one field to another a bird-nest orchid and taking it to the dear old Professor. How his eyes brightened up as I handed it to him! He made all sorts of inquiries about this rare find—really and truly "The Catch of the Season." This is an exceedingly rare plant in Scotland to judge from the joy with which the Professor hailed the find, and from other sources; but strange to say that here in England I have found the beauty twice during the past few years in my own grounds!

VII

I HAVE not yet mentioned Mr John Sadler, who was the assistant to the Professor in the Royal Botanic Garden, and a very disciple of his great master. Poor Sadler, he is now dead many years ago, and I have heard that tuberculosis was the cause of his death. He was probably one of the most enthusiastic botanists that ever lived. He used to amuse us during the excursions by exactly reproducing the dear old Professor's voice and manner. No man knew his field botany more perfectly than he. He was indeed the very soul of helpful kindliness and encouragement to all of us.

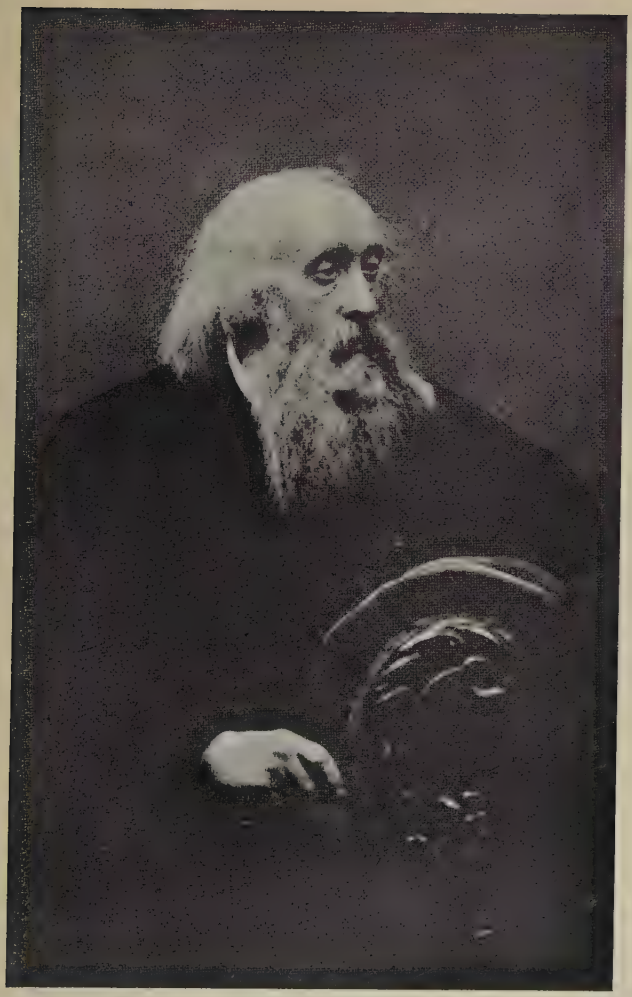
VIII

Nor have I said much of the illustrious Professor F. M. Caird. He and I were very close friends in those days, and we kept up a correspondence for some time afterwards. He was the class assistant of the great master, and I should think that very few excelled him in deep knowledge of his subject. I have often flattered myself that I was the first to induce Caird to reconsider his course and to enter the medical side of our work. How many lives has this dear good soul saved through that simple conversation, and through his extreme brilliancy? I was indeed proud to see that he was a pall-bearer at the funeral of another of our great masters, Lord Lister, and only a day or two ago I heard that he had been excising the pituitary body, a

marvellous operation indeed. Professor Caird has been out "somewhere in France" doing duty for his country, and from a letter sent to me a little time ago I gathered that he had caused gardens of Edinburgh bulbs to be planted almost in our front line. These bulbs were sent to him by Professor Balfour and bloomed profusely, giving our soldiers a truly beautiful flower message from the loved ones at home.

IX

And now I must turn to the stern realities of that time. About half an hour before the opening of the botany class, the class-room used to be open to enable students to examine the microscopic preparations and other matters, such as diagrams and specimens, before the great teacher entered, when we (about 324 of us) were settled down in our seats in the lecture room. I have ever thought, with the greatest reverence, of Professor John Hutton Balfour. He was at all times kindly and sympathetic towards me, and on our Saturday's botanical excursions he spread before us, not only the very profoundest knowledge of his science, but showed us the principal geological features of the country as we



passed along—in other words, the grand old man, the man who really and truly was a very "flaming wreath of fire" of philosophy, of deep wisdom, and of sound religious enthusiasm, gave many of us a love not only of the science of botany, but he prepared for himself a very warm corner in our hearts, where his memory has remained ever since. The names of every plant gathered by every student from root to flowering stem were instantly given to us by the Professor, and in certain cases some special peculiarities of the specimen were demonstrated. For instance, the flower and the root of the *Orchis mascula* or *maculata* would be most carefully pointed out, and a pointed lead pencil would be inserted into the corolla and the pollen masses brought out sticking to the pencil, just as would have happened to a bee or any other insect that had pushed his proboscis in in search of nectar. On these delightful excursions we all took with us a vasculum and a "spud," as well as a sufficiency of

sandwiches, bread and cheese, etc., for the day's outing, for we went into remote districts where it was not possible to purchase "rations." Many of the results of these excursions, when we were all young and full of enthusiasm, have left their memories behind them. I remember one to Melrose where we of course visited the Abbey. We had just come down from the Eildon Hills where the rare parsley fern grows in luxuriant abundance (a fern having fertile and sterile fronds), when we wandered down the banks of the lovely Tweed which were lined with *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum,* as well as scores of other varieties of flowers. We then reached Melrose Abbey, and in a space very near to the Abbey there was a humble little statue of the great "Wizard of the North," and I remember some of the lines on the pedestal although it is nearly fifty years ago :—

"By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way,

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan."

X

One little memorable peculiarity of the dear Professor's lectures was that he always commenced by saying "In our last lecture we had gone on to consider," and then he gave a complete résumé of the previous day's lecture. I remember one morning when we all lined up to examine the microscopes, that all the valuable object lenses had been stolen! This was no student's joke, but a deliberate theft. It cast a feeling of uneasiness on the whole class. The lenses were not voluntarily returned, and their value was anything up to two or three hundred pounds. I believe I was instrumental in their recapture, and very delighted I was. I never heard anything more of the incident, neither did I ever again see the thief.

XI

If there chanced to be a rainy day I used to drop in to the Academy on the Mound and there sit and gaze at the magnificent portrait by Raeburn of Professor Wilson standing by the side of his horse, and especially at the two pictures by Sir Noel Paton "The Quarrel" and "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* The Academy was full of treasures, and annually displayed the works of living artists, just as ours in Burlington House does. It was indeed a great delight to see both every year of my student life, and the Burlington every year afterwards. This just calls to my mind the adjoining Museum on the Mound, where all the old rarities of old Scotland were to be seen. I don't remember much of this

place, but I have quite a vivid recollection of Jennie Geddes' stool, and of John Knox's pulpit too. Then it was surely a great pleasure to visit the Museum of Science and Art in Chambers Street. I wonder if those steel plates outside still exist; they were three or four inches thick, and were pierced with gunshot right through to exhibit the wonders of our gun-firing—a marvel in those days. I was fascinated by the specimen showing the analysis of a human body of a given weight! There were the fat, the water, the phosphorus, the various salts of the body and so forth, all neatly ticketed and docketed in one exhibit. Then there was a reproduction of the "Hope collection," and other celebrated diamonds, in a case. These were most deftly produced and were all a great delight. Afterwards I came to work in the Museum in a more serious way, in comparative anatomy and vertebrate osteology, dentition, etc., etc. And thenadays there was, just off Nicolson Street, the Watt Institute,

and near to it, on the way to George the Fourth Bridge, stood Minto House, not far from where Rab (of *Rab and his Friends*) fought in deadly grip another dog. When I was last in Edinburgh I found no trace of the Watt Institute or of Minto House. Chambers Street had been greatly widened and driven right through to George the Fourth Bridge. They were both historic places in our day. The crimes of Burke and Hare were discovered in the dissecting-rooms of Dr Knox in Surgeon's Square at the foot of Infirmary Street.

XII

Just let us turn for a few moments to Princes Street at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Observe the well-dressed crowd of ladies and high-spirited officers and others taking their afternoon promenade along the really crowded footway. Observe too, the gay carriages driving along; that alone was a splendid sight; and amid all do you remember that ponderous old Highlandman sitting usually at the turn into Castle Street with his bagpipes? I believe he always wore the Gordon tartan. I never heard him play the pipes, and I never saw anyone accost him, although I saw the grand old man very many times. He certainly had some friends who regularly patronised him. I have no doubt he had a great history, but being a

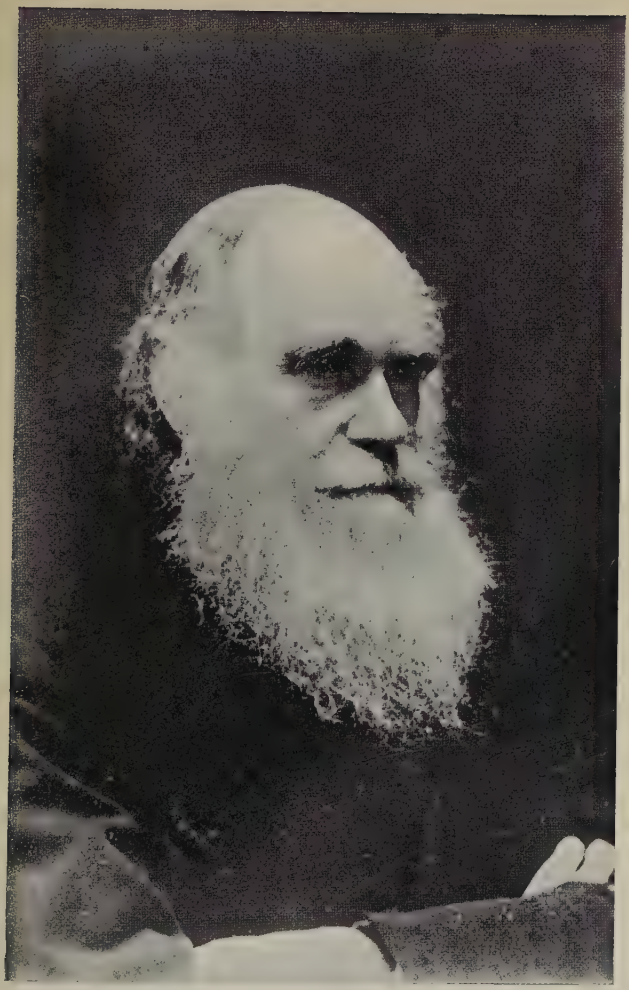
Southerner, I never dared tackle him. Again take your stand somewhere between the Castle Hill and "Jingling Geordie's" house, and watch for half an hour any of the regiments that pass about ten in the morning. If you chanced to hear and to see a Highland regiment marching down the High Street to Holyrood, I am sure the playing of the bagpipes would never be forgotten by you. How proud of his kilt and his playing every man appeared to be! How soul-stirring the weird music as it passed, and gradually faded out of hearing as the distance increased. Ah! those were great days when we had feelings of that kind, keen and unblunted from contact with the world.

XIII

Now let us turn to another section of our delightful studies. We witnessed the taking of the Chair of Zoology by Professor Wyville Thomson, afterwards Sir Wyville; he had just succeeded Professor Allman. He was, I believe, generally considered as brilliant a teacher as could be desired. Who does not remember those wonderful displays of skeletons and stuffed skins of animals behind which the Professor daily lectured, they always being renewed to meet the requirements of each lecture. We were carefully taken through the Invertebratæ, including the Protozoa, Infusoria, Annelidæ, Mollusca, and so forth, until we came to the Ascidian, where there appeared to be a link between the invertebrates and the vertebrates, a notochord had been discovered I think. In the year 1859 the first edition of Darwin's *Origin of*

Species was published, and just about our arrival at this stage Mr Darwin gave to the world his wonderful book, *The Descent of Man.* Some of the deductions were considered by the ill-educated middle and lower orders of people, as well as by some sacerdotals to be perfectly erroneous, heretical, and dangerous! I myself heard an extremely ignorant person in an English non-conformist chapel denounce poor Mr Darwin and his theory in the wildest and most unmeasured language—this unbridled savagery was a portion of his sermon! Then appeared leaflets, tracts, and all sorts of papers all over the country, written by persons in all the ignorant grades of faulty mental culture —all declamatory. I should think that no greater lover of truth, for its own sake, ever lived than Darwin; I should think that no great scientist was ever so execrated by so many stupid people in the world either before or since. Well, this for a slight digression, for if I continue on the subject I may become

tedious, and happily, after all, I have lived to see Darwin and his works honoured throughout the world, by all scientifically educated, true, and honourable men and women, whether they agree or disagree with his great principles. Professor Thomson's lectures were beautifully delivered in the most choice English. Our opportunities of speaking to him were almost limited to questions after the lecture, so that we did not come much into personal and individual contact with him. He was a most courteous, genial, and kindly gentleman and teacher. I remember a weird picture of "Goose Barnacles" hanging on the wall of the class-room; this showed how the Ancients imagined geese were produced. There were geese dropping out of the barnacles in all directions, some with effort, some without! To-day we should expect to find such a performance on the conjuring stage. This class always met at two in the afternoon in the summer session and was indeed brilliantly conducted.



XIV

In the winter months I used to take a walk on Saturdays down Leith Walk to somewhere near some glass bottle works at Leith, then get on to the shore between Leith and Portobello with my vasculum.

> "Here upon the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
> With the fairy tales of science and the long results of Time."

It was wonderful to see the vast number of dead Sea-mice and Cuttle-fishes strewed along the shore, especially after rough weather, as well as the living guillemots very near to the water edge, apparently having little or no sense of fear. About mid-way between Leith and Portobello there was a very huge boulder that had been there many centuries. Indeed it must have been carried there in an iceberg and dropped into its position as the

berg melted; it lay about a mile out from the ordinary tidal mark. After reaching Portobello my friends and I would take train to Waverley Station, and then trudge home with a lusty appetite, sometimes to find a finely dressed parten (crab), among other things, awaiting consumption! On other Saturdays our walk would be from Granton to Queensferry, where we halted a few moments at the quaint little "Hawes" Inn, Queensferry, mentioned in the opening chapters of Scott's charming *Antiquary*, where Monkbarns displays his irritability over the delay of the Queensferry coach. Here we had passed by Dalmeny, and then we walked through Cramond and the country, back to Edinburgh. There was then no practical class of zoology, but I think my Cuttle-fishes and Sea-mice brought one into being, and I find on referring to my University papers that I attended the first class which was conducted by Dr Charles of Belfast in the winter session of 1872.

XV

We had some exceedingly brilliant students in our time; they have all fought a good fight since then, and some of them have risen to the highest eminence in their profession. I was on very intimate terms with two "sledge hammer" intellectuals. One was Norman M'Leish, an Edinburgh Master of Arts, and a former pupil of Professor Blackie and "Christopher North." Poor M'Leish died some ten years ago; and another was Agornath Chattapodyhay, a Brahmin, who I hope still lives. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without an appreciative notice of my deceased friend M'Leish. He was a profound scholar. I have never since met his equal. He "knew his Hebrew" I believe as perfectly as he did his Greek, his Latin, and his

English! He was a deeply religious man; he had the strongest convictions and the courage of them, and his faith was absolute. In the hours of our quiet he would, at my suggestion, invite me to open the Bible and take any one of the four Gospels and select a verse. He would then say "that is the so and so verse of the so and so chapter of such and such a book"; he would then give me the whole chapter backwards and forwards, from and to, the verse in English, Latin, and in Greek! This feat was repeated on scores of occasions, and I never knew him to make a mistake. M'Leish was equally good at his mathematics. That little *bête noire* to me — Thorpe's *Chemical Problems*— was, to him, child's play throughout! He had his logarithms at his finger ends and his algebra, and tried his best to improve me, especially in chemistry. I fear his seed fell on barren ground then; some, however, seemed to take root in time. We used to walk together across the

Bruntsfield Links, past Merchiston Castle where the science of logarithms was discovered—then a fine school—down through Canaan Lane to Morningside, and thence to the eminence before mentioned by me. Here we opened our class books and worked away mutually, appreciating one another and discussing our subjects. I must mention one little incident in which Agornath Chattapodhay (translated *The Lord of Light*) and M'Leish measured theological swords, for it happened to be in my room in Rankeillor Street. I invited them both to come and help me to partake of curry and rice, and to worry a brace of pheasants that had been sent to me from home. All went serenely until after the coffee and smokes, when to my horror these two commenced comparing their respective theologies! I sat quietly listening and watching the ebb and flow of the battle until four in the morning when it was declared to be so far "a draw," for neither had convinced the other one jot, and we

were all fairly exhausted after seven hours of it! Agornath was one of the "stars" of one of the Indian Universities—I believe Calcutta—which the Indian Government sent annually over in batches of six to our University. He knew his English from Anglo-Saxon through and through to the highest development of Sanskrit and classical derivations! We remained firm friends right away on until he left us. I believe he is at present a Professor in the Calcutta University. I think I owe to him, and his blameless life, a deep debt of gratitude for instilling into my mind a keen love of philology, which happily still is my favourite "recreation," and a respect for those opinions of others with which I personally may not agree. At the end of the session our accomplished Professor was selected by Her Majesty to take charge of the scientific expedition of H.M.S. *Challenger*. The appointment was wise, for no one could exceed Professor Thomson in geniality and capability in the noble work of that good

ship. I had almost accompanied him, but other considerations preponderated, and, to my lasting regret, I had to forego the opportunity. We then only knew the Bathybius as a great rarity, by name, and with youth on my side I was very eager to do active work in the "depths of the sea"; but it was otherwise decreed. In due time the illustrious Professor sailed away with Captain Nares, R.N., as the Chief in Command (who subsequently—as Sir Charles Nares—conducted a polar expedition); so my troubled spirit soon subsided, and I settled down to the more serious work of anatomy with Drs Russell and Watson as dissecting-room demonstrators to Professor Turner. Professor Wyville Thomson's place was temporarily taken first by Professor Victor Carus of Leipzic, and by Professor Charles of Belfast, and finally by Professor Huxley.

I saw Professor Huxley, who has now gone to his rest, take the vacant Chair of Zoology, and I also saw Professor Archibald Geikie take that of Geology and

heard his wonderful story of palæozoic life. When one looks upon death as merely an altered condition of life, and when one feels convinced that "on the other side," if one has led a heroic life on "this side" one's future existence will be spent in blissful companionship with those of one's own mundane way of thinking, it becomes easy to associate Huxley, Brunton, Darwin, and a host of extreme intellectuals together—most likely exerting permanent good influence on our species here. I wonder what Sir Oliver Lodge's opinion is; for the brightness of their future lives so far as mundane considerations and speculations are concerned, would indeed be a great blank if they could not meet and converse together on the subjects to which their lives were devoted on this lower plane of our existence! Surely the mere accident of ordinary acquaintanceship and respectful friendly intercourse will not interfere with those of our highest development in our intercourse "on the other side." It

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would seem that if this is not to be the case and that uncongenial spirits be mixed with congenial, a refinement of cruelty and misery will be our lot. I think that the trend of thought of most good and thinking men and women lies in this direction.[1]

It is not generally known that Professor Huxley and Sir Lauder Brunton were two of the finest Biblical scholars of their day. But I can confirm this from most reliable sources. They both prided themselves in their knowledge, and both talked Biblical matters over on many occasions together. I think that Brunton's work, *Science and the Bible*, will convince all readers that his knowledge was profound; and he himself told me that playfully Huxley and he had agreed that the palm of superiority could honestly be claimed by either or neither!

I attended the afternoon classes of

[1] See Professor Osler's Harvard University speech of 1904, published by Constable & Co., and brought to my notice since writing the above.

Huxley and Charles occasionally. It goes without saying that they were both most excellent as well as very profound. Poor Charles is long since dead; he was one of the very best. I think that Huxley's *Manual of the Vertebratæ* was as difficult reading as any one could have; or perhaps a long wade through *The Development of the Ovum* equals it. Its various stages were shown to us, for examination, in most splendid French models. The "primitive streak," the "mulberry mass," the "blastoderm," etc., etc., are all a haze now, their names only being in my memory. The skeleton picture of the Teleostean fish as well as the real thing itself, with the nomenclature of muscles and bones, are still there too. We were taught to stow away intricacies that appeared wearisome at that time, but that were an excellent foundation to build further human and comparative osteology and morphology upon. After four years' absence, almost from civilisation, Professor Thomson returned, and

I was settled down to work in Vienna. The last time I saw the Professor was in York station. I immediately accosted him; but a sad lady who was with him mournfully shook her head, and I found that the Professor was paralysed and knew little or nothing of passing events. He only smiled at me, and after a few words with the lady we parted in sympathetic sadness.

XVI

THE lectures on chemistry were delivered by that prince of men, Professor Alexander Crum Brown. Who of our set does not bow the head in thanks to God that we ever came under so magnificent a teacher. Nothing was too much trouble to him to elucidate his subject to us with great energy and earnestness, always accompanied by a simple trust in our sincerity and a deep sympathy that gave confidence to us. I delight to think of him now in his peaceful decline and retirement from the busy fray. I do not think that we all at that time knew that he was the first Doctor of Science of the London University, or even that he was the originator of the graphic formulary in chemistry. This alone enabled the chemist to predict that if certain atoms in

a substance were absent the substance might be so far incomplete in its constitution, and a further search must be made to find the missing atom or molecule, either analytically or synthetically. It taught one to observe that if one substance in a chain of others was missing that substance would surely be found by deeper research in due time. So I believe modern chemistry was completely revolutionised, and a far more brilliant future than any before the Professor's time widely opened to science. Of course, so transparently earnest and true a philosopher could scarcely be expected to remember always that he had a raw element before him as hearers. I remember his saying with characteristic energy and gesticulations when speaking of anhydrous sulphuric acid, "This SO_3, you cannot see." This was immediately received by all with loud applause! It appeared to be the nearest approach to poetry that we had had, especially as we had just been treated with H_2S! The

Professor comes of a rare stock of scholars. *Rab and His Friends,* Brown's *Dictionary of the Bible* were both outputs of his relatives, as well as many, many other literary productions, for they had lived in Edinburgh in the great days of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," of Blackwood, De Quincey, Christopher North, Lord Brougham, and a host of brilliant stars in the days of tough criticism and hard thinking.[1] Our class of practical chemistry was conducted by Mr James Dewar as demonstrator, who, I believe, subsequently succeeded in converting charcoal into its allotropic condition the diamond, in liquefying hydrogen, and in many other great discoveries in chemistry. He is now Sir James Dewar, the eminent Professor of Cambridge University and

[1] That charming book *Horæ Subsecivæ* was written by our Professor's elder brother, or to be correct, half brother, great grandson of the author of *The Dictionary of the Bible.* It is known only to few outside of Professor Crum Brown's circle that he was the greatest Chinese scholar in Scotland, probably in Great Britain.

the Royal Institute of London. The class was rather uninteresting, and the teaching consisted mainly in the detection of various metals and poisonous substances in fluids, such as mercury, antimony, lead, arsenic, etc., etc. I never entered into this subject with anything like enthusiasm. Perhaps if I had then wondered and inquired more than I did, I should have been a better student; but the mere fact of certain reagents acting as they do had little interest to me, and I may almost describe my experience in this class as a sort of "cookery-book" chemistry. It did not occur to me to ask how or why a solution of iodide of potassium acting upon a solution of perchloride of mercury gave a red precipitate soluble in an excess of ether. It seemed then quite sufficient to know that such was the fact; but later in life I asked myself such questions, and naturally applied them to my work as a physician. For instance, I knew well from observation in cases of angina pectoris that the

inhalation of nitrite of amyl produced definite beneficial effects upon sufferers by dilating certain blood vessels. The question of course then cropped up how are these effects produced? and by applying myself to the inquiry I got beyond the "cookery-book" stage. Such instances are, nowadays, I hope, common, as few of our clinical and chemical researches have been allowed to "lie fallow." We all know that injury of the floor of the fourth ventricle, the seat of origin of the pneumo-gastric nerve, produces elimination of sugar and diabetes, but we do not all know why. In chemistry I did very badly in my written examination, and at the oral examination I said to the Professor that I feared that I should never be a chemist! He smiled but made no sort of reply, and he quietly put my written paper into what appeared to me to be the waste-paper basket! However, he then very gently took me on in the chemistry of brewing, bleaching, and dyeing, and some other subjects in

The Bessemer process of steel

the same category. I knew all perfectly, and he intimated to me his satisfaction, and I always believed balanced accounts between the written and the oral, and soon the result came out and I passed in all subjects, botany, zoology, and chemistry. I then again breathed freely.

XVII

During the winter session we had a very heavy fall of snow and the quadrangle was thronged with hundreds of students, snowballing between nine and ten in the morning and later, one side against another. Before the fray finished every window in the quadrangle was smashed! I almost believe that after that a torch-light procession was formed and arranged to move out from somewhere at seven or eight o'clock at night, and march, four deep, to the Calton Hill. It was a wonderful sight as it wended its way down the streets. It was headed by what the *Scotsman* called in the following morning's issue, "a tall lank lad in a Glengarry bonnet." He was indeed a "gay lad," and "too terrible for words" where any real mischief was at hand. I

never again saw or heard of him. Many of our men "broke their knees" at billiards and cards and other of the lures of seduction, and this must surely have some relation to the fact that three hundred and twenty-four of us started, and eighty-five finished at the winning-post. Of course several of the three hundred and twenty-four were bound on a different journey from the medical, but I have always thought that most were medicals, for I saw so many disasters in our ranks. Some of course did not continue for the degree and entered for the Double qualification of the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians. When we had completed our first professional examination successfully, it was the custom to wear a high crowned silk hat, to distinguish us from those who were left behind in the race, as well as from those who were just entering the fray. We then went seriously into the subjects of anatomy, physiology, materia medica, and pathology.

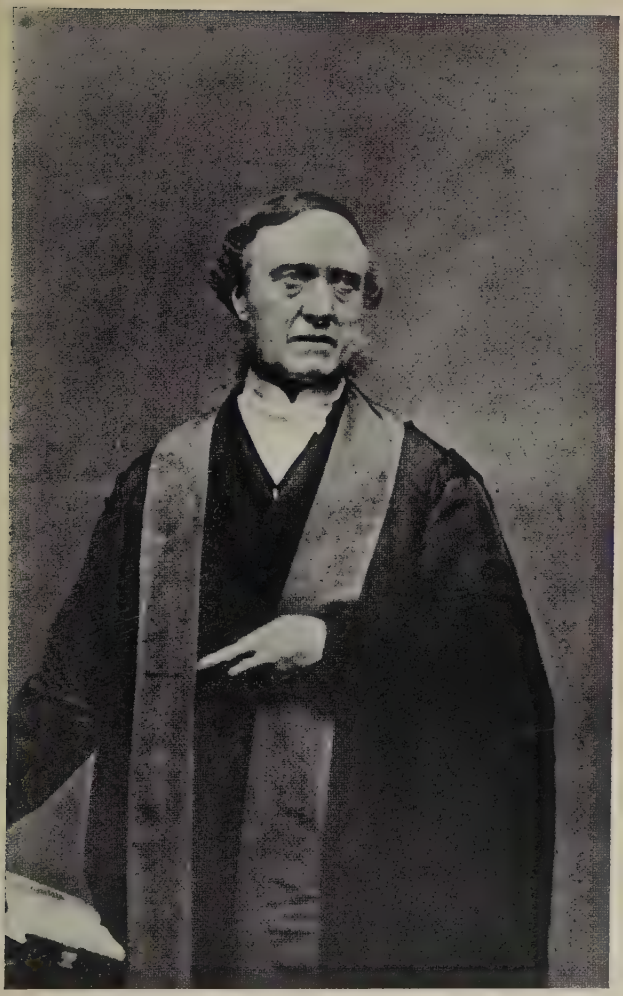
XVIII

During the whole of our former term we had attended regularly at midday (from twelve to one) in the operation theatre of the Royal Infirmary. How well one remembers that fine old building, the entrance to which was down Infirmary Street. On the second storey of the front there stood two figures; one was inscribed "I was sick and ye visited me," and the other "I was naked and ye clothed me." As we entered there were always placed in a small covered space, where a janitor was—a kind of inquiry office—intimations of particular operations to be expected, as well as a painted notice labelled "Sectio Cadaveris." We used to pass the front of the building and enter at a small doorway leading to the surgical side and the theatre. In the theatre were performed most of the wonderful operations of the day. I

remember some done by Dr Patrick Heron Watson (afterwards Sir Patrick) and by Dr Gillespie, who had a surgical ward in my earliest vacation days. Pat Watson, as we always called him, was an exceedingly bold operator. I call to mind that the first operation that I ever saw was an ovariotomy, and one subsequently an excision of a large goitre: these were both done by him. In those days it was considered that no one could do an ovariotomy but Dr Thomas Keith; but as Professor Lister's method of conducting antiseptically any breach of continuity of the skin or of open cavities had fairly taken the schools of Europe by storm, so to speak, it became a matter of far less severity to do an abdominal section than it had ever been before. Mr Lawson Tait had a brilliant record of successes in abdominal surgery in Birmingham, and was probably the pioneer in the Provinces. I think that next in the advanced school was Mr Greg Smith of Bristol.

XIX

At this time Professor Lister had fierce opposition to deal with at the hands of some of the older surgeons of great repute in Edinburgh. But all this had died a natural death by the time we had finished our course in '75, and before then the Senators of the University of Rome had caused a statue to be erected in their quadrangle of the Great Professor, representing the "Genius of Surgery." I saw this statue when I visited Rome later. Foreign savants from all great centres witnessed the Professor's work almost daily, year in and year out, and taking home with them his methods, soon set about to carry them out and to enlarge upon them. Professor Spence was our teacher of systematic surgery; he was a fine, painstaking, and highly successful



surgeon of the older type. I do not think he ever took to Listerism in our day. I remember that after an excision or amputation he used usually to say: "We just pickle the parts with a solution of chloride of zinc and apply the ordinary dressings." I often heard that he had a very keen sense of humour, and that he could so apply himself, after dinner, greatly to the enjoyment of his guests who were always prominent scientific men. Then there was that extremely careful and painstaking surgeon, Mr John Chiene. He was at that time an Extra Mural lecturer, and I took out his course as well as that of Professor Spence. Afterwards on the old Professor's death John Chiene was appointed to the Chair, and from my knowledge of his fine character and his keen faculty of observation, and from all that I have heard from students of later days, he filled it with conspicuous ability. Mr Joseph Bell, or as we always affectionately called him, "Joe Bell," was another of the bright

stars of the Extra Mural School. It was he, through his perfectly marvellous powers of observation of the minute characteristics of his patients, who inspired Sir Conan Doyle with the enthusiasm to produce the character "Sherlock Holmes." Sir Conan was a student after our day; he graduated in 1881 as M.B., C.M. In very deed his stories of the great detective savour strongly of "Joe Bell's" smartness and precision. And who of us all doesn't remember the fine, fine character of Mr Annandale? He, too, was one of our Extra Mural teachers, and I have never regretted taking out his course of clinical surgery. How genial, how bright, how dexterously clever and smart he was in his life and his work, always deeply sympathetic, with even the meanest of poor patients. I well remember seeing him amputate at the hip joint by two deep incisions, and the whole limb was off and the patient's life saved. "Tommy," as we always called Professor

Annandale, and he loved to indulge us in that if he happened to overhear us, succeeded Sir Joseph Lister in the Chair of Clinical Surgery, and I have very often heard him spoken of by young students who have visited me, in terms of unmeasured affection and praise. During this summer session I acted as post-mortem assistant to Dr J. Bell Pettigrew. The room being small and the season hot, the work was exceedingly uncongenial, and, as the room existed in those days, I could not recommend the work to any young student. However, the work had the merit of being light, as very few students cared to attend in the summer. The room was badly equipped for so important a work and so brilliant a man as Pettigrew. It was he who wrote a very exhaustive work on the *Flight of Birds*. He also made those marvellous dissections of the heart and other viscera, which I believe are still preserved in the Royal College of Surgeons. In these dissections he traced most of the

muscular fibres and minute fibrillæ to an arrangement of the figure of 8. He was a good pathological teacher, and became subsequently the Professor of Medicine and Anatomy in St Andrews University. He died some few years ago.

I have not yet mentioned anything of the "sports" of our day, and I would here just note how important I think the cultivation of sports, in youth, is. I have known very many men imbued with the sense of this importance, and I think they were among the best students I ever knew; they appeared to have healthy minds in healthy bodies. We had some fine examples of this in our day both in football and in cricket, and they were men of the most cleanly lives; and that, I think, is the secret of sports, generally speaking. I remember how J. M. Cotterill played in cricket against the All-England Eleven, and carried off through his own bat a prodigious score—95—and in the match between the Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities he got 271,

himself beating the Eleven! How we acclaimed him on his entry into the anatomy class-rooms afterwards! Yes, "there were giants in those days." I believe since that date J. M. C. has occupied a prominent position in Edinburgh as a surgeon, and although I never had the great honour of knowing him—the bishop's son—I raise my hat to him to-day and say, "God speed you, merry gentleman." Of football I saw very little, or of golf either, excepting a few old gentlemen playing the game on the Bruntsfield Links in the evening, as we went across on our evening walk to our studies through Morningside. I am quite sure that this noble game, as it is now played, was quite in its infancy in Scotland, its home, although it is a game of as remote antiquity there as curling. It seemed to have almost died out. I am here only speaking of my own personal observation; I may be very much mistaken. The seriousness of to-day given to golf here in England was not in the

seventies at all realised in Edinburgh, so far as I saw. However, God speed the good game and the players too. There were, I believe, certain boxing as well as billiard matches to be witnessed in rooms in Lothian Street, and although my sympathies were greatly in their favour, ever since the prize fight between Tom Sayers and Jack Heenan, "the Benecia boy," I never saw one of them; and the great achievements in billiards of John Roberts or of his father seemed little known. I have seen John Roberts at play at his best many times since in London, and I now possess three sets of bonzoline balls which I purchased of him, and with which he played in some of his greatest matches which I witnessed. But just call to mind our crack shot in the University Rifle Corps, Sir Robert Christison, Bart.! How we presented to him a sword on his seventieth birthday. Try to realise his splendid presence. Ah, what a man!

XX

By this time we had been fairly introduced to the subjects for the "Second Professional." In the class of the Institutes of Medicine—Professor Bennett had a mortal antipathy to the new-fangled name "physiology"—we heard Professor John Hughes Bennett deliver the opening lecture and his last, for he was compelled to resign then on account of ill health. He did not live long, as he had been attacked by that scourge of life, tuberculosis. He introduced into his lecture some pigeons that had been carefully experimented on, which were not a very nice sight for us; however, they were exceedingly useful and instructive, and probably paved the way to the saving of lives of countless poor sufferers. He was the first to introduce cod liver oil as a

food palliative in consumption. Poor Bennett's life was greatly marred by his controversy with Rokitantzky of Vienna over the pathology of leucocythæmia. It appeared that these brilliant savants had described this disease almost simultaneously, but our Professor claimed to have correctly given its blood and spleen pathology and, generally speaking, the nature of the disease, and adduced as a proof of his right the nomenclature he had used, whereas Rokitantzky had described the disease as leukæmia. He was very bitter about the claims of Rokitantzky, and made it quite clear to us that Rokitantzky did not know the exact pathology of the blood, as his nomenclature proved, and that he had tried to snatch Bennett's laurels discreditably. This controversy went on for a long time and eventually resulted in a final bitter feeling between the two professors. I only saw Rokitantzky once, for he had retired from the professorship in the Vienna University

when I was there, and that was at the unveiling of the marble statue in the Vienna Hospital grounds of Professor Türck. As I was then a pupil of Professor Schröter, the laryngologist, who succeeded Türck at his death, I attended this function; it was very impressive, for most of the professors of the University and members of lesser degree were present. There was also a choir of Vienna choristers, and these sang a hymn of praise in honour of Türck, in which I could only detect raw science in praise of genius, no word of religious sentiment appeared to be thought of. Professor Bennett bade us all farewell, and we were then taught by Dr John Gray M'Kendrick. He was very painstaking and very thorough in his detail; but to me, personally, the science seemed to lack life and to be wanting in something to give one enthusiasm. I have, however, always retained a vivid memory of the many allusions to "the stomach of St Martin!" I have no doubt that I

was then not quite equal to the mental expansion required to get a good grasp of matters. Some year or two afterwards Professor Rutherford was installed in Bennett's vacant Chair, and Dr M'Kendrick was elected to the Chair in Glasgow, a post which I have often heard he filled with conspicuous ability. Professor Sanders was then in the Chair of Pathology; he was a great sufferer from what was then called perityphlitis, and as no operation for appendicitis then existed, he died, I believe, before the close of the session. He was a very sound and clear lecturer, but on several occasions one could tell that he was suffering pain. His removal from us was regretted by every student, and the class was continued by Dr Hamilton until the end of the session. Dr Hamilton was soon afterwards elected to the Chair of Pathology in the University of Aberdeen. As I felt myself very poorly equipped in the subjects of physiology and pathology, even after completing my examination successfully,

I resolved to improve matters by a further continuation in the University of Vienna, after our graduation on the 2nd August 1875. I there placed myself under Professors Brücke, Fleischl, and Sigmund, and I met Professor Stricker there (of Stricker's "hot stage" fame). I took with me many letters of introduction which were very useful to me, and I set to work on histology with these teachers. They all showed me the greatest kindness and really deferential consideration, and I can only say that all with whom I came in contact and under whom I worked were just about perfection in their abilities and in their power of teaching.

It was said to me by many in the Physiological Laboratory that Brücke knew the exact formula by heart of every substance known to chemical science, and I have no reason, from personal intercourse with him, to doubt the truth of this astounding statement; so marvellous was his knowledge of

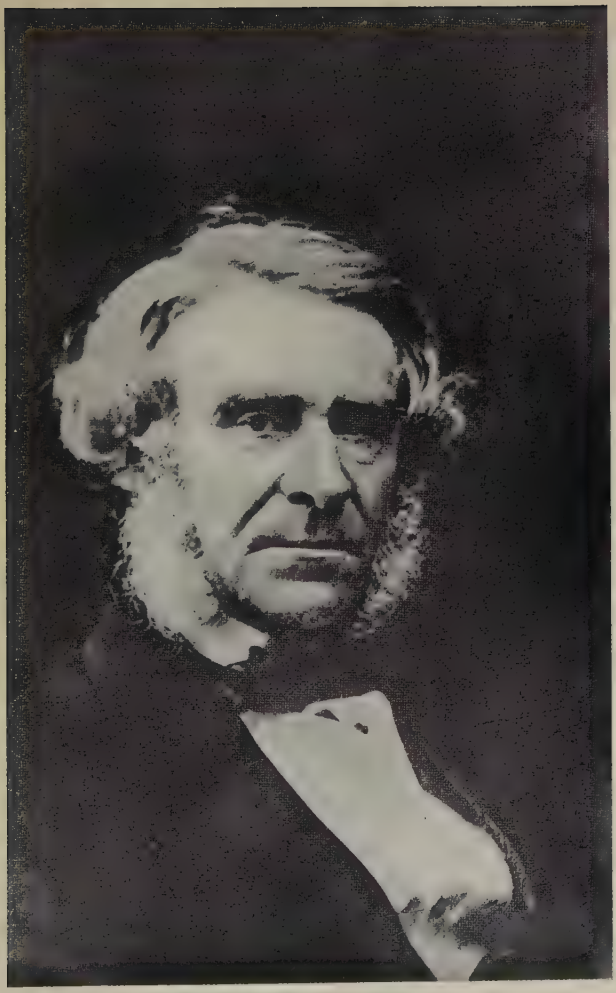
Organic and of Inorganic Chemistry! He was exceedingly friendly disposed to me, and always delighted to speak English with me. He was a most accomplished linguist too.

Of course, to an ordinary cultured English University man it seems almost like a fairy tale to say that on the every-day Gulden Banknote of our day its value was printed in the many different languages of the Austrian Empire! It must, too, sound almost as incredible that many or most of my professors were quite conversant with all of these, and perhaps still more so when I say that Ancient and Modern Greek were at all times in use and naturally Latin was a natural language to all and spoken quite fluently by all!

XXI

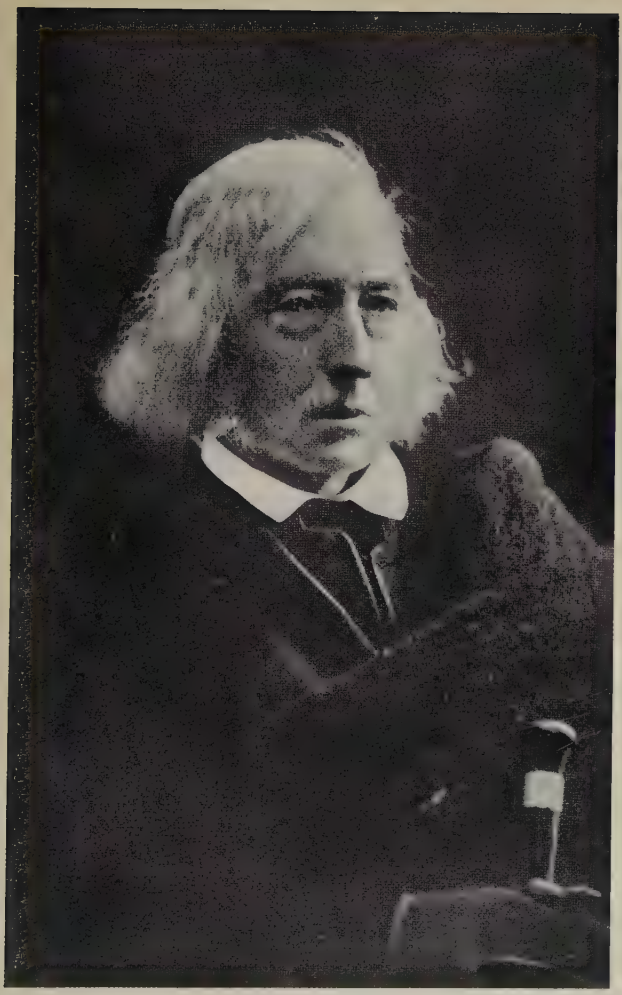
HOWEVER, in order to avoid the temptation to digress, as I originally intended these reminiscences to be closely associated with our Edinburgh days, I will now come back to the old quadrangle. We had all fairly come to the conclusion that we were all "somebody" now in our silk hats, and especially when we entered the class-room of materia medica, in the right-hand corner—a room of great silence—for our manners had become gradually if not suddenly metamorphosed, and especially when that great teacher, Sir Robert Christison, Bart., entered the room and quietly took his seat to address us. I cannot, of course, adequately dilate on the many-sided character of Sir Robert, and I must indeed pass over a description of him and his great work for

that reason. In his lectures he cast a spell of great charm that seized one with deep and absorbing interest in every subject treated. We all knew that the Professor was the greatest authority on poisons, living. His services were called up in almost all the great Crown criminal toxicological cases in Great Britain before and during our day. He was the writer of as perfect a manual on poisons as the world had ever seen up to our day. He discovered the cause of death by analysis and tests before any other living man knew of such, of all the murders perpetrated by that arch criminal, Palmer of Rugely. And indeed he had been the greatest teacher of toxicology of the greatest number of men in the world interested in the subject. The world-wide fame of this great man had shed a lustre on our University, that belonged to it alone. Such influences were very far-reaching. Sir Robert was, in his manner in the class-room, so gentle, so quiet, so impressive, and so convincing.



He was indeed a lover of truth for its own sake, and this naturally led him into scientific accuracy in all his work. He was, as I have before said, the best rifle shot of our year, and I believe a great archer too. His spare figure was as straight as an arrow itself, and his movements were quite in keeping with his splendid state of preservation—quick, clean, and clear. I used to think, and still do, that he was the very type of the "Gentleman of the North." Almost adjoining his class-room was Professor Blackie's, where some of the greatest philosophy the world ever knew was available from one of the greatest men who ever lived. Can you not just now picture in your mind's eye that shock of silky white hair hanging on to the tartan plaid covering his shoulders, as he ascended the balcony steps in the quadrangle, or as he serenely jaunted down North Bridge Street? What a world-wide repute he had, and what a profound scholar he was. What a kindly

gentleman he was to all his appreciative students. You know that he was one of Mr Gladstone's principal friends. I have had conversations with many of his students and they all seemed to be imbued with the one idea that the Professor was the greatest Greek scholar of the century; but his profound wisdom in philosophy, I believe, was equal to that. How delightful the Professor could make an evening with those savants who were fortunate enough to enjoy his intimate friendship, not only by his rare powers of conversation but also by his youthful joy and song. His book *Musa Burshicosa* will prove this.



XXII

At the further corner of this same side of the quadrangle were the anatomy class-room and the dissecting-rooms. Here we commenced our study of human osteology, soon followed by our systematic course of anatomy and dissecting-room work, under Professor Turner. It is still not at all difficult to listen "in the back of one's mind" to the clear, beautiful articulation of Professor Turner's fine ringing voice, as he described piece by piece every particle of the human body, day after day, often interspersing his subject with remarks on the comparative anatomy of certain structures. He may truly be said to have been a great anatomical artist; he used to take great

pains to point out to us the beauties of the external anatomy, sometimes on the dead subject, in the dissecting-room, and sometimes from plaster casts shown during the lecture on external and internal anatomy. Then in the dissecting-room, assisted by Dr Russell (afterwards Sir James A. Russell who died recently) and Dr Watson, who left us to become Professor of Anatomy in the Manchester University and died a few years afterwards. The Professor was constantly watching our work and helping us if he saw us in difficulty. It goes without saying that we were all on intimate terms with Drs Watson and Russell, for they were indeed two genial friends one with the other and each to us. Dr Watson had a large cumbersome elephant's head under course of dissection, during the whole of our student life! The muscles were of course very greatly magnified, and this head was exceedingly instructive to look upon, and to enable one to compare its nerves with their human

homologues. D. J. Cunningham, G. Kirkwood, and C. Cathcart were the prosectors in our time. Poor Cunningham, at all times a brilliant student was, I believe, a graduate of seventy-four. He became Professor of Anatomy in the Dublin University, and on the election of Sir William Turner as Principal of our University, Professor Cunningham was elected to the vacant Chair in Edinburgh. He died about five years ago, and from his obituaries I gathered that he was universally esteemed, and that his loss was looked upon as a national calamity. Dr Kirkwood, too, died about four years ago in Peterborough, where he conducted a very large and high-class practice, along with an extremely genial partner, Dr Walker, for the rest of their lives. Kirkwood retained till the close of his life his love for the violin, which he had in Edinburgh, and with which he used to regale us at our students' concerts.

Dr Charles Cathcart was a fine, smart

Scot, as his two prosector friends were in our day. I remember his face well, and I believe he is now one of the leading surgeons in Edinburgh. Mr Sterling was also an assistant in the anatomical department; he injected the arteries of the dead with a wax composition for us. He made some of the most wonderful microscopic sections possible, and was always pleased to show us anything in his department. He was an elderly man, whom I believe the great Professor had inherited from Professor John Goodsir, his predecessor. I know that Professor Turner thought very highly of Mr Sterling and we all did too. Then there was that apparently degraded porter, "Old George." All sorts of weird stories were told against this poor man. How he had been the receiver of the "Burke and Hare" victims years ago, and so on and so forth. He died, I believe, in one of my beds on the medical side under Professor Maclagan, but of this I am not quite certain. I

have the gratification of knowing that I dissected the whole body twice, and my certificates of parts dissected all bear the Professor's note "once very carefully."

XXIII

THE subjects of the "Second Professional" examination were anatomy, physiology, pathology, and materia medica, and in due course this examination was passed by all the men who graduated in 1875. We then entered on the last phases of our student career. About midway between the anatomy and materia medica class-rooms was the gynecological class-room ; this room almost adjoined Professor Blackie's and the humanity class-room. Professor Alexander R. Simpson was our teacher, and a most earnest, zealous, painstaking teacher he was. Before he obtained the Chair, after the death of his uncle, Sir James Young Simpson, unhappily a very fierce struggle took place between the Patrons of the gift of the Chair and others, as to the relative merits of Professor Simpson and Dr

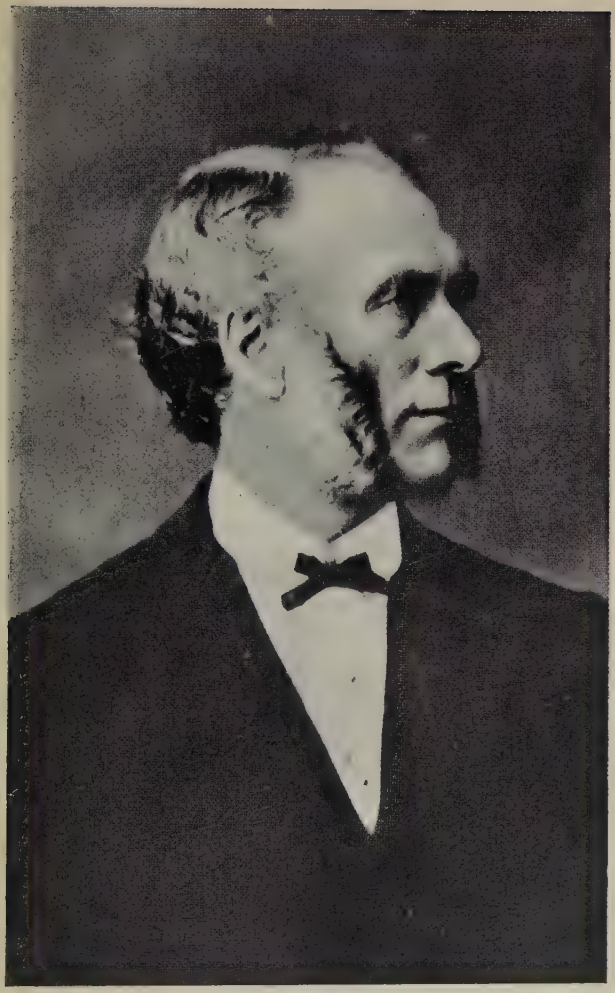
James Matthews Duncan, and during our day, Dr Duncan left Edinburgh for London, where he became lecturer in St Bartholomew's Hospital. Some claimed that Dr Duncan was the most eminent and profound teacher of gynæcology and its allied subjects in Great Britain; others held that Dr Simpson ought to have prior consideration on account of the lustre his uncle, Sir James, had shed on our University. There was reason on both sides, both gentlemen being absolutely proficient. Alexander R. Simpson was chosen as his uncle's successor just before our day, when the students took up the matter and had factions and almost went to war! However, Professor Simpson soon proved that he had a far higher claim to notice than that of relationship. He at once, I believe, took his then small class by storm with his earnestness and his excessive zeal and enthusiasm. When we entered his class it was well filled and extremely orderly. He was indeed a splendid teacher and

most sympathetic with both the students and patients, and I do not hesitate to say that he was as great a scientist as he was a profoundly good man, and that is saying a good deal, for his religion always beamed forth in his work, and his high-mindedness was at all times most refreshing. He was knighted some few years after we had all left, and every one in the University, I understand, as well as throughout the country, joined in feelings of congratulation to Sir Alexander and wished him the greatest happiness. Of course in our day, as I have before pointed out, abdominal sections were not readily done, but I have been credibly informed that Sir Alexander became one of the first and foremost abdominal surgeons in Europe at an early stage of Listerism, and that, in spite of his advanced age, he still held the highest position in this branch of surgery, until he retired from the Chair, to seek a repose that he had never known during his strenuous life. I have always known

that he was a most versatile man of the most virile type. He was quite in the front line of Biblical scholars and used often to invite students to his house in Queen Street, an honour which I once shared. I remember when I last visited the Professor, some years after, seeing on the hall table a selection of religious tracts labelled "Please take one." Our dear Professor lost his life through a street accident about a year ago, and the deepest manifestations of sorrow were universal in Scotland and in the hearts of every one of his old pupils, as well as his large circle of scientific, religious, and literary friends throughout the world. Our practical class was taken on certain evenings by his then assistant, Dr J. Halliday Croom (now Sir Halliday), and a most instructive class it was. Dr Croom succeeded Sir Alexander in the Chair of Gynæcology and was himself soon knighted. He was always bright, fresh, and interesting, and rendered us all the help desired.

XXIV

Just near the gynæcological class-room we had our great lectures on medical jurisprudence. Our Professor was Dr Douglas Maclagan, afterwards Sir Douglas. Call to mind his trimly curled whiskers, his keen eyes, and his spare figure. I used to think he, too, was the very smartest type of a Scottish gentleman. How often he referred to that great Frenchman, Orfila, as an authority on criminal investigations! The Professor was always courteous, indeed he was a born courtier, and intensely interesting. His lectures were always graphic and exact on medico-legal subjects. Dr Affleck was the class assistant, an envious position to hold, and he held it with conspicuous ability. The genial Professor was full of sport and of song, and he used



greatly to add to our students' concerts by his versatility. I believe he was the best shot in the Royal Company of Archers. Although he was advanced in years he almost cultivated a habit of perpetual springy youth. He was the greatest authority on medical jurisprudence in Scotland, and I remember he was often called by the Crown as an expert in murder cases. We shall not soon look upon his like again. He was profoundly revered by us all. In addition to his deep knowledge of this particular subject he was a splendid clinical teacher in the Royal Infirmary, and I had the great honour of being one of his clinical clerks for six months during the winter session '74-75.

XXV

VERY near to the anatomy class-room was that of the practice of medicine, and here we daily listened to Professor Thomas Laycock's philosophy. He was a remarkably quick searcher of character, both among his pupils and his patients, and was very witty, and sometimes a little sarcastic with the latter. Many diseases in his opinion were trophic neuroses. I remember well being somewhat startled when he described minutely some particular disease, which I had never dreamed of being associated with the nervous system, and finally concluded by giving a dexterous twist of his wrist, keeping his finger tips all together and all pointed upwards, declaring that this disease was a trophic neurosis! The clinching of all arguments and conclusions was always accompanied

by this convincing twist of the wrist. He did not confine his lectures always to the subject in hand but often digressed into philosophical considerations; we were always greatly entertained by these digressions. The poor Professor had undergone an amputation of the leg some years before we joined his class, consequently his locomotion was somewhat retarded. Our text-books in those days were much more limited in number than they subsequently became: we were almost forced to make our own, from our own observations at the bedside, and it was not a bad thing for us when supplemented by Niemeyer, Trousseau, Bennett, and Austin Flint of New York, as well as the able assistance of some of the gentlemen in charge of the wards. I should think that those who chanced to be helped by Dr Murdoch Brown (a former Ettles scholar) will never forget his painstaking discussions at the bedside. Professor Laycock was always considerate, kind, and courteous to all of us, and he

was an exceedingly versatile gentleman, most highly cultured. His character may be partially summed up by the motto beneath his arms and crest, emblazoned on a pane in the window in his own consulting room—I believe it was 12 Walker Street—"Labore robore spe." During the day we used to be accompanied by the Professor in his wards, and he had the unerring power of diagnosing almost at sight the disease from which a patient was suffering, as well as the patient's habits of life and the trade he was engaged in; and in the evening his assistants in the wards would take unbounded pains with us, and mingle with us in the most kindly way after instruction was over. This may be said of all the wards from the Lock Hospital to the medical, surgical, and special subjects. The Children's Hospital was off Lauriston and a very fine little place it was. I believe it has since then been converted into some other sphere of usefulness and a new hospital erected.

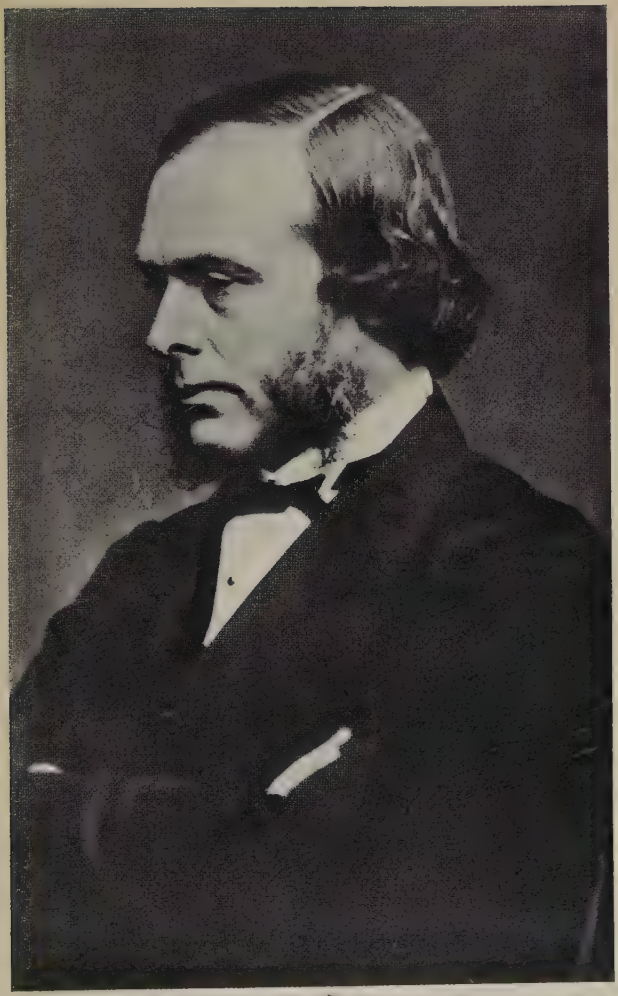
During the time of our attendance at the classes of Clinical and Systematic Medicine we received a course of instruction at the Royal Public Dispensary. This was conducted by certain prominent physicians of the city who had been selected as honorary teachers. Those under whom I worked were Drs Peel-Ritchie, W. Husband, John Linton, E. Wilson, James Andrew, F. W. Moinet, and W. Stephenson. These gentlemen were at all times ready to help us in any difficult case we might have, and they gave many very useful hints in therapeutics and in dispensing. Our duties were to visit those cases in the city which were considered too ill to attend at the Dispensary, and to prescribe for and report on them. I made many visits chiefly in and about the Pleasance, and the neighbouring poor districts. One case stands boldly out in my memory still. I went up several flights of stairs until I had reached the uppermost flat, and then crawling through a

ramshackle doorway, I found my poor patient. It was distressing at the time to discover husband, wife and several of a family all in one garret with no furniture beyond dirty mattresses on the floor of their abode, and to find on looking out of the garret window in the roof that I was considerably higher up than the base of a church spire almost adjoining this place! This experience led to a good deal of thought and speculation on the seemingly anomalous and incongruous state of the environment of these poor people, the breadwinner being in the last stage of tuberculosis; the hymns and praises to Almighty God going on without any apparent amelioration in the case of this poor family only a few yards away from the church. There used to be and I hope is yet a band of Sisters of Mercy called "Little Sisters of the Poor." I know not to which church these "angels in disguise" belong, but I think to a branch with which I am not directly associated. They were incessant

in their work for good among their less fortunate fellow-creatures, and I believe were respected and blessed by all branches of the community. I have always thought highly of the experience I gained in this class, and it is quite possible that this helped to mould my character for the rest of my life; at least I hope it is one factor.

XXVI

And now we come to the great lectures and demonstrations of Mr Lister. I can scarcely dare to describe anything regarding this great soul, but as I was a pupil and a worshipper of him for five years I cannot elect to desist an attempt. Mr Joseph Lister was our Professor of Clinical Surgery, and when he resigned his Chair he was succeeded by Mr Annandale and afterwards by my friend, F. M. Caird. How brilliant Lister was, and how scientifically precise in everything that he did or said is indeed refreshing to think of and to write about. With what supreme exactness his every move and thought were measured, even down to the method of keeping dressings and of applying them! I have ever enjoyed thinking of those Listerian days.



His lectures always took place in the theatre of the Royal Infirmary. I well remember his bringing into the class-room those two glass flasks—the one drawn up straight to a great height having a pin-hole opening at its extremity, and the other similarly drawn out but the extension being at right angles and made into zigzags. The flasks were filled with an organic fluid easily decomposed by the contamination of ordinary atmospheric air. The flask with the long tube (about four feet I believe) decomposed in a few days and showed, as Lister himself said, the fluid to be full of vibrios and bacteria. The dust of a clean store-room had actually been drawn down the small straight tube into the fluid in the flask, and had taken with it its bacteria-laden self, and so had impregnated the fluid which had become rancid and putrid! The zigzags in the tube of the prolonged neck had caught all dust particles in their angles, and consequently, in spite of all the atmospheric changes

from winter and summer temperatures the fluid in the flask had remained perfectly sweet and clear and free from vibrios and bacteria for years; and I have no doubt thus both flasks exhibit to-day. I am sure that after the decease of Lord Lister these flasks would be as greatly cared for as they were by him himself, at any rate, they ought to be still under the greatest care. Lister told us that this experiment had originally been made by that great French savant, Louis Pasteur, and that this was the very beginning of his antiseptic system. We all remember the hand-spray in Lister's operations, and the extreme care with which he insisted on the dressers using it. Lister determined that no organic dust should reach his wounds without coming through an atmosphere laden with carbolic acid, from these hand-sprays. The dressings were also carbolic-laden by means of a carbolic green protective and a waxy carbolic gauze substance, and outside of all, a pad of similar carbolic gauze and pink jaconet

again covered with a carbolic gauze bandage. It nowadays goes without saying almost that the wards of the great Professor were, as might reasonably be expected to be, absolutely free from septicæmia, gangrene, etc., and that the neglected wards sometimes were teeming with these death-dealing elements. So vast an improvement soon took place that I believe the unbelievers themselves had to adopt the new system, at least in their wards if not in their operations. Mr Annandale, Mr Chiene, and Mr Joe Bell were very early disciples of Lister, and quickly had the most gratifying results; they were then young men and had minds open to conviction. With one or two of the senior surgeons the matter was unconvincing, or as the Scots say "non-proven," and they were satisfied with the brilliant results of their great predecessor, Professor Syme and others. But time, I believe, soon overcame all opposition, and I am sure that an antiseptic or an aseptic operation is

quite the only type of operation known in the New Edinburgh Infirmary to-day, although I have never been in it. We had then commenced, as expert players in most games do, "to play the higher phases of the game," and thank God we have ever since followed in the wake. We have seen the great changes into asepticism and we have all, I should think, adopted them. We all now sterilise our instruments by boiling them, and our dressings by "baking" them, and we rarely have to remove them until it is time to look upon a healed wound and take out our stitches! We have superseded the spray by means of surroundings of asepticism as nearly perfect as human effort can make them, and by the use of iodine to the skin and india-rubber gloves as well as breathing masks; and as the great Professor once told me when I had the great honour of spending some hours with him in London, "We can do an operation as perfectly in a cottage as we can in a hospital, provided we make the

necessary preparations and carry out our asepticism." We were then speaking of the construction of the New Royal Infirmary, with its covered passages leading from one block of buildings to another. The Professor thought that there was little or no need for these detachments now that we had got a complete grasp of the manner in which surgical infections were distributed, for we had the remedy always to hand; and that consequently much valuable ground was needlessly spoilt. The New Royal Infirmary had long been in course of retarded construction when we attended the Old Royal Infirmary. Indeed, I doubt whether Lister ever operated in the New Royal Infirmary. Well, nothing could be much more crowded than the buildings of the Old Infirmary, and it had been proved to demonstration that the place had at one time been a very hotbed of septicæmia, and at a later time all this had been changed by Listerism. Therefore I see no other

conclusion than to agree with the Professor's remarks on the occasion of that conversation. I remember that Mr Lister had two curious surgical operation-accidents. One was an old-standing dislocation of the shoulder that had resisted all ordinary attempts at reduction under anæsthetics, and had been sent to him for further treatment. The extension pulleys were applied, and soon the axilla bulged out very much. It was at once seen that the axillary artery had given way and so had filled the axillary space! I fear life had ebbed away before the vessel could be cut down upon and tied, but I do not quite remember. The other case was that of a youth suffering from calculus. A supra-pubic operation was performed and the peritoneum was accidentally opened. The Professor related to us the nature of this grave matter, whilst the perspiration literally poured from his forehead. Everything was antiseptically carried out, and the youth made a rapid recovery. When he

was completely well the Professor made many comments on his case and, among other matters, said that he was not quite sure whether it was after all a serious matter to injure the peritoneum in such cases, or even to be anxious about its injury at all. I believe that this simple accident was the pioneer of all the subsequent fearless abdominal sections of the present day, including exploratory incisions into the abdominal cavity. Another curious operation, and a very useful one too, happened. An elderly man, very well dressed, was brought into theatre for the Professor's artistic skill this time. Mr Lister explained to us that this poor man was suffering from hypertrophy of the skin of the nose and its environment. The man was asked, quite seriously, what kind of nose he would like, "Grecian" or "Roman." He as seriously decided to have a "Grecian," and the operation was forthwith carried out most successfully. Before the poor patient recovered from

his anæsthesia the Professor put up his hands and said, "Seventy-four years old! Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"[1]

Professor Lister left Edinburgh for London soon after our day. Our good Queen graciously conferred a Baronetcy on him in consideration of his great services to humanity. Still later, when honours were, so to speak, showered on him by all the universities and learned societies in the world, and when a recognition of his genius had been thoroughly established and his name uttered reverentially by humanity at large, a Peerage was given to him. I had the great honour of dining with Lord Lister and sitting by his side at the house of an almost equally renowned mutual friend. He had at all times been most kind and considerate to me, and he urged me to make one of the great steps in my life which I have never regretted.

[1] I am not quite clear whether this operation belonged to Professor Lister or to Professor Annandale.

The guests on that occasion were the then Bishop of Stepney, Dr Paget (the son of the renowned Sir James), Professor Mitchell Bruce, Sir Thomas Smith, and Mr Watson Cheyne, now Sir Watson Cheyne, Bart. The host was a friend of many years' standing, the late Professor Sir Lauder Brunton, Bart., at whose house I frequently stayed, and who on several occasions sanctified my home with his presence.

Many of us used to spend an afternoon every week under the late Sir Thomas Clouston at the Morningside Asylum. He was quite at the head of his profession, and he afforded us very fine instruction and an unlimited number of cases and of pathological preparations bearing upon such cases. Dr Hayes Newington was Dr Clouston's principal assistant, and a very capable man he was. He died quite recently, soon after his great master, at his own private asylum at Ticehurst in Surrey.

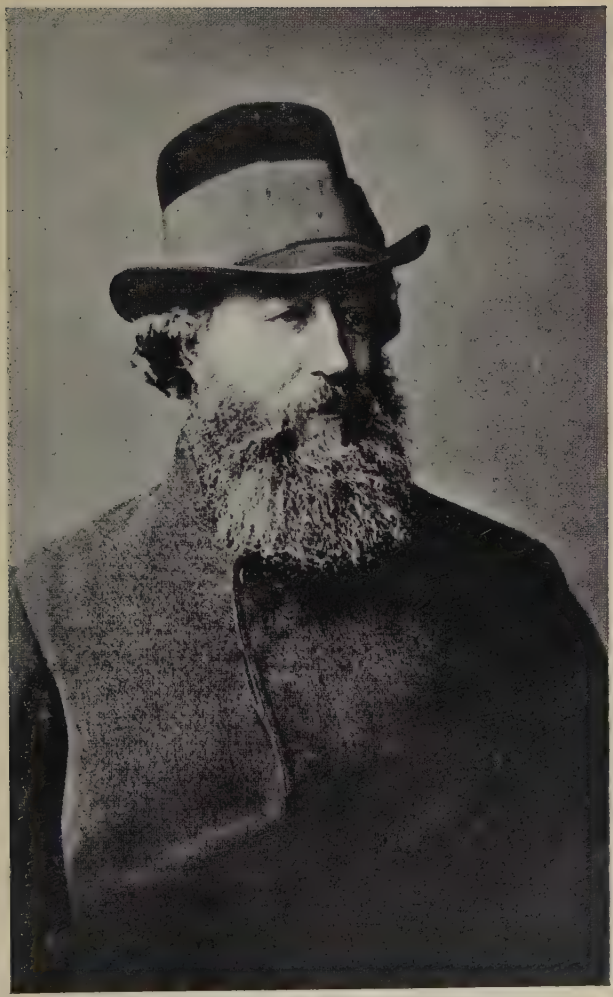
XXVII

When not too much worn by the strenuous work of the week I used to go to St John's Church at the end of Princes Street and there sit under that great soul, Dean Ramsay, or to Dr Candlish's to hear his fine discourses. The last time I was in Dr Candlish's church the feeble, venerable old man had a seizure in the pulpit and had to be assisted into the vestry. The service was continued by one of the Doctor's assistants, and I do not think Dr Candlish ever preached again. The Reid Concert was annually given to perpetuate the memory of General Reid, who spent a large fortune in building the magnificent University music-room near to Teviot Place, in equipping it with one of the finest organs in the kingdom, and in

endowing the Chair. We used to go every Wednesday at 4 P.M. to hear Sir Herbert Oakeley play this wonderful instrument. I shall never forget the "Vox humana" reeds in that organ as manipulated by Sir Herbert, neither shall I ever forget the Professor's marvellous rendering of classic music on those occasions, especially "The funeral march of the Marionettes." All fourth year's men were invited to the Reid Commemorative Concert, and on our occasion we had the extreme felicity of hearing Sir Charles Hallé, Norman Neruda, her sister, and, I believe, her brother. The violin playing of Norman Neruda, afterwards Lady Hallé, was simply superb. This concert was *the* fashionable event of the year in Edinburgh, and the great hall in George Street was always crowded, year after year, with the elite of the whole of Scotland.

XXVIII

On Monday the 2nd August 1875 our happy band broke up, for we then graduated, most of us to give a very long farewell. Principal Sir Alexander Grant "capped" us. We became scattered over the earth; some to China, some to India, some to Australia, some to Canada, and some to other remote corners of the earth. Some of us have since met, and what meetings they were to be sure when we compared notes of the happenings! Well, I suppose life is made up of these interminable changes, and we have all to submit to our fortune and to smile. I remember Professor Crum Brown delivered the Graduation address to us, and I very well remember the two impressions he left upon my mind. He had said how exceedingly all members of the community



were interdependent, one upon the other, for our very existence, and he mentioned "how very much obliged we were" to the coal miners, using the word "obliged" in its most literal sense. It seemed in those days very funny, and it tickled my fancy as I thought "obligated" would have better conveyed his meaning. He said too that we might often be, so to speak, twitted on account of our youth and want of experience, but that we were always to remember that "experience in all things, and especially in medicine and surgery, consisted not in the vast number of cases that we saw, but in the careful note that we took of the few." I believe I have yet a printed copy of the address in my possession, but like all other things of its kind it has no doubt been so carefully stored amongst my papers that it has been for the time being lost. I made several valuable friendships apart from my profession, and I can never forget the extreme kindness I always met with at the hands of the then Lord Provost,

Sir James Falshaw, Bart., his Lady, and their nieces. In addition to the genial hospitality of their home I was rarely forgotten when any special public city function happened. Afterwards I met their nieces and another aunt and uncle in Italy, and we spent an enviable time in Milan and Venice together. But the youthful student friendships of those days were by far more numerous than the social. I cannot recall a flaw in any of them. We had some of the most brilliant men of the present day amongst their number: all good men yet, always pleased to recall memories of our old days when we were young together.

XXIX

FIFTEEN years afterwards I visited Edinburgh again, this time to take up my doctorate. My thoughts at that time were really very depressing. I saw the men of 1889 full of the vigour of youth and revelling in their success as Bachelors of Medicine, having won the coveted laurel. I heard the applause meted out to each by his individual friends and admirers as he went up to be "capped." We older men preceded them in the honour, on account of the higher distinction, and as we each left the dais we silently went back to our allotted seats. We were quite unknown and quite strange. On this occasion Sir William Muir capped us. The professors had all changed in appearance, and those whom we had known in their prime of life were

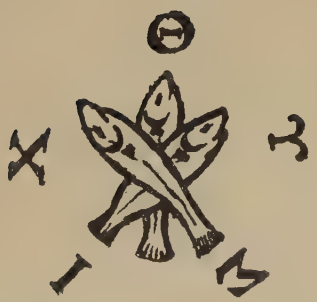
tinged with the gentle but sure hand of time; and some were too old to recognise us, and they themselves were mingled with strangers—new professors that had come to fill in the gaps that time had made in their ranks. Altogether it was a melancholy business to me. I left the hall, and was again shocked at the sight of the thousands of young people who were not born when I started my student career. I felt a very "Rip van Winkle," and I made all the haste I could away. Passing the shops where I used to frequent, instead of bright, smart, sprightly middle-aged people, as they were in our day, I was again rudely awakened to find them all, or nearly all, spectacled peculiarities, many bowed down with age. I walked down Princes Street and there again I was overwhelmed! Close to my old church was, instead of the Dean, his magnificent bronze memorial. And the inscription on it was simply and absolutely soul-stirring—"From his countrymen"—nothing more was needed and nothing

could be a greater tribute of lasting affection from his noble countrymen to the memory of the great dead than so appreciative a testimony to the greatness of this revered Scotsman. Many other monuments had been added to the completion of the spaces in Princes Street since 1875, but none so deeply moved me.

I know that I have omitted many matters of deep interest in these reminiscences, but I have relied on my memory only, and it is mainly because I feared to bring in material that would lead me directly away from our own days in Edinburgh. Looking back, how happy those days were! looking forward, how much we all now owe to them!

VALE! VALE! VALE!

"AND FEAR NOT LEST EXISTENCE CLOSING YOUR ACCOUNT, AND MINE, SHOULD KNOW THE LIKE NO MORE; THE ETERNAL SÁKI FROM THAT BOWL HAS POUR'D MILLIONS OF BUBBLES LIKE US, AND WILL POUR."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